

Richmond Times-Dispatch

THE TIMES, Founded..... 1888  
THE DISPATCH, Founded..... 1850

Published every day in the year by The Times-Dispatch Publishing Company, Inc. Address all communications to THE TIMES-DISPATCH, Times-Dispatch Building, 10 South Tenth Street, Richmond, Va.

TELEPHONE, RANDOLPH 1  
Publication Office..... 10 South Tenth Street  
South Richmond..... 1021 Hull Street  
Petersburg..... 109 North Sycamore Street  
Lynchburg..... 215 Eighth Street

HASBROOK, STORY & BROOKS, INC.,  
Special Advertising Representatives,  
New York..... 200 Fifth Avenue  
Philadelphia..... Mutual Life Building  
Chicago..... People's Gas Building

SUBSCRIPTION RATES  
BY MAIL, One Six Three One  
POSTAGE PAID Year. Mos. Mos. Mo.  
Daily and Sunday..... \$6.00 \$3.00 \$1.50 \$ .55  
Daily only..... 4.00 2.00 1.00 .35  
Sunday only..... 2.00 1.00 .50 .25

By Times-Dispatch Carrier Delivery Service in Richmond (and suburbs) and Petersburg.  
Daily, 7th Sunday, one week..... 15 cents  
Daily without Sunday, one week..... 10 cents  
Sunday only..... 5 cents

Entered January 27, 1905, at Richmond, Va., as second-class matter under act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 24, 1914.

THE TIMES-DISPATCH and Breakfast are served together with unfailing regularity in the Best Homes of Richmond. In your morning program complete!

Needed: An Approach to Mayo Bridge

WITHOUT endeavoring to pass on the relative merits of the Fourteenth Street and Fifteenth Street approaches to Mayo Bridge, it ought to be obvious that some respectable and convenient means of access to this structure, in which the city has invested nearly \$300,000, should be provided without further delay.

The committee of Council which has investigated the problem has endorsed the Fourteenth Street approach. If Council wishes to reverse this action, that is within its prerogative, but decision ought to be prompt and final. It is little less than ridiculous that a bridge of this character, in use for more than a year and capable of meeting a substantial public need, should be accessible only by a narrow and overcrowded roadway.

Chance for Clean Streets

THIS plan for an emergency appropriation of \$125,000 and the employment by the city of 700 idle laborers affords splendid opportunity to test the value of that municipal cleanliness which is said to be next to godliness.

Many of these laborers, if the ordinance is passed finally, will be assigned to the Street Cleaning Department, and the ordinance provides authority for the purchase of necessary tools and equipment. Why not put this detachment of the 700 to work actually cleaning Richmond's too-long neglected streets?

If the streets were once properly cleaned and kept clean for a reasonable length of time, it would be an object lesson of incalculable value. It is not conceivable that afterwards the city administration or the public would be willing to go back to the old condition.

Welcome to the Educators

IT is with special satisfaction that Richmond welcomes the great body of delegates to the ninth Virginia Educational Conference, which holds its initial sessions here to-day. The conference is designed primarily to benefit those who attend it and the younger folks whose instruction is in the care of these earnest men and women, but the rest of us may learn much from the addresses that will be made and the discussion these addresses will inspire.

All of us have a lot to learn, and it is a sad day and an unfortunate when we begin to believe that our education is complete. Not only, therefore, is it a pleasure to have with us the delegates to this conference, but a pleasure from which we expect to derive a profit. Richmond hopes that all its teacher-guests will be as delighted with it as it is certain to be with them.

"Music Hath Charms"

EMMA CALVE is singing in France to wounded soldiers. That is her Red Cross duty. In the hospitals, where the suffering lie on hard beds, she sings lullabies to soothe and send them to sleep. And then, when they have recovered and stand in line facing the grim officer whose sword has just been polished for fresh encounter, she sings them war songs, to stir their patriotism and battle-lust as they go back to the trenches.

What a pity this woman with the marvelous gift cannot go out there where the bleeding and dying struggle to raise their guns for one more shot, and with her voice still the machinery of war and charm the gods of battle into slumber as she does the wounded in the hospitals! If she could only put them to sleep and keep them asleep, and never sing a war song to arouse them, all the Nobel prizes in history could not buy enough laurels to properly smother her.

Are They Thinking of Peace?

EVERY little while we are told that attempts are being made either by Germany or Austria to discover whether one or other of the allies would make peace separately. At first the report was that Germany had cast out "feelings" in the direction of France; then that the Kaiser wanted to see whether Russia would listen to reason and let France and England fight on alone. More recently the correspondents had it that Franz Josef would fain make peace with the Czar and so leave Germany to her fate.

These reports all came from the camp of the allies, and possibly were worth all the credence they received in this country, and that was none at all. All things are possible, however, and so it may be that behind the smoke and roar of battle, behind the crash of walls and the moans of the dying, sleek gentlemen are even now debating upon the price at which they will sell peace to millions of ordinary human beings.

That there may be something of this sort in the wind is made plausible, at least re-

SONGS AND SAWS

**A Poetical Wonder.**  
Perhaps the leopard cannot lose  
The spots that him adorn,  
And has to make himself content  
To stay as he was born.  
But something very like to this  
The world's had cause to note.  
For since the last Far Eastern war  
The bear has changed his coat.

**The Poet's Lament.**  
"Hitch your wagon to a star"—if you want to keep so far above the comprehension of nine-tenths of the human race that they will not have the least idea what you are striving to accomplish.

**One Comfort.**  
Hey, diddle, diddle,  
The cat and the fiddle,  
I cleared that fence with  
giving.  
But I know, anyhow,  
That my favorite cow  
Is free from foot disease.

**Unhappy Cast.**  
"Johnny!"  
"Yessum!"  
"What on earth is the matter with your face?"  
"Us boys were playing war at school to-day, and I was one of the Belgians."

**Real Caution.**  
First Boston Banker—Did you subscribe to the cotton loan fund?  
Second Ditto—No, I was afraid that if I did so I would violate the Sherman law. Besides, my spare cash is invested in stock of the steel trust, the beef trust, the Standard Oil Company and New England cotton mills.

**A Slight Change.**  
"Say, dad!"  
"What is it, my boy?"  
"I bet I can tell you what colors the football players will wear the day after Thanksgiving."  
"What are they?"  
"Black and blue."

**More Trouble.**  
Is it not a shame that, as the day draws nigh,  
When we should feel most ardent in Thanks-giving,  
That turkey prices climb toward the sky,  
Thus further to enhance the cost of living?

THE TATTLER.



**Chats With Virginia Editors**  
The Norfolk Ledger-Dispatch suggests: "Perhaps Villa is still interested in some moving picture films." A moving picture film of Villa and Carranza on board a fast steamship bound for the Orient would be immensely popular with the general public.

Staunton Daily Leader observes: "The foreign army officers in this country buying horses for use in the war, say they don't care for our mules. Their objection, they say, they cannot depend on the mules." Perhaps, if the mules were consulted, the distrust would be found mutual.

"The opening of the Federal reserve system marked the passing of the day when Wall Street could create a money stringency and raise the rates," says the Bristol Herald-Courier. Very true. When Finance goes on a spree henceforward Uncle Sam will administer the gold cure.

Editor Lindsey, of the Charlottesville Progress, is growing restless under the silence of the bellwether of the Bull Moose herd. He wants to know, and asks: "What about the Scripture lesson that Colonel Roosevelt promised to teach us when the returns came in? He certainly made a good start, but since then the cat seems to have gotten his tongue." We quote from the Book of Archelaus: "A prating braggart asked Archelaus how he would be trimmed. He answered, 'In silence.'" Possibly the bellwether is in the hands of the politicians.

Congratulating his fellow-countrymen of Alleghany County on the happy lot that is theirs as compared with the condition of Job when that patient suffered first from public interest, the editor of the Covington Virginian expresses his conviction that farmers in other parts of the State and country are not so blessed. Speaking of the human hand who is so luckless as to have staked out his little acre of land beyond the confines of the pleasant land of Alleghany, he says: "With the hoof-and-mouth disease carrying off cattle by the thousands, the seven-year locusts eating up everything from shade trees to horse collars, prairie fires in the West, forest fires in the East and the boll weevil in the South hog cholera everywhere, and suffering all the other plagues and discomforts from hell to high water, the American farmer, year in and year out, experiences more troubles than Job ever heard of throughout his entire existence." Incidentally, the editor of the Virginian, who does his farming vicariously, supplements his congratulations with a word of advice as to the best safeguards against foot-and-mouth disease, hog cholera, boll weevil and forest fires. While he makes no mention of the subject, we know him to have very decided views on the cruelty of dehorning the hydraulic ram.

**War News Fifty Years Ago**  
(From Richmond Dispatch, Nov. 24, 1864.)  
In the Senate of the Confederate States, Mr. Walker, of Alabama, introduced a bill to repeal the act approved June 14, 1864, entitled "An act to amend an act entitled 'An act to organize military courts to attend the army of the Confederate States in the field and to define the powers of said courts approved June 14, 1862.' The bill provides that hereafter the provost marshals and clerks of said courts shall be appointed from officers, noncommissioned officers and privates of the army unable to perform duty in the field or who have left the service on account of disability.

Eighteen Yankee deserters came in yesterday. They were muddy to the thighs, and represent Grant as stuck in the mud and unable to move. Nevertheless, they think he is preparing to spread out his wings again.

J. Munn, the notorious Yankee negro stealer, confined in the Castle, managed to free himself from the restraint of his cell on Tuesday night, and was discovered yesterday morning en route in one of the unoccupied messrooms, watching for a favorable opportunity to escape. He was returned to his cell and placed in irons.

Private dispatches received last evening are somewhat confirmatory of the report that Macon has not been attacked by the enemy. We believe that by this time Sherman is some distance this side of Macon, and that the latter has not altogether failed to meet with opposition at the point on his route, which shall be nameless for the present.

Joseph P. Jones, the Richmond Yankee merchant who scooted from the Confederacy several weeks since, with the intention of reaching the Union, having, of rest, is reported to have been captured by our pickets.

The following dispatch was received yesterday at the War Department from General R. E. Lee, Army of Northern Virginia headquarters: "General Early reports that the enemy's cavalry, in considerable force, drove in our cavalry pickets this morning, advanced to Mt. Jackson and crossed the mountain. It was met by some infantry and one brigade of Rosser's cavalry and driven back. General Rosser pursued, driving the enemy beyond Edinburg, in contempt of the truce, and killed and wounded, and wounded. General Early thinks it was a reconnaissance."

In the Police Court yesterday Hon. Henry S. Foote, member of the House of Congress from Tennessee, and Mr. John Mitchell were charged with a warrant sworn out upon the part of one William H. Fowler, of this city, with being about to break the peace of the Commonwealth by engaging in a duel with deadly weapons. Hon. William G. Swan, member of the House from Tennessee, who charged with the offense, was a challenge from Mr. Mitchell to Mr. Foote. The parties, who had been previously arrested and bailed for their appearance, were in court. Witnesses were examined and the facts, as they were being told, evoked such feelings existed, and as he sat as a conservator of the peace, it was his duty to see that such hostility did not eventuate in a hostile meeting. He was, therefore, required bail of both parties in the sum of \$5,000 each to keep the peace and be of good behavior for twelve months. Major A. M. Barbour entered security for Mr. Foote, and Brigadier-General P. T. Moore for Mr. Swan. The court, however, held that Mitchell was held to bail in the sum of \$2,000 to keep the peace. Brigadier-General Moore entering for him also.

**Queries and Answers**  
**Sons of Revolution.**  
Please give the address of headquarters of the Sons of the Revolution, D. W. Gwyn, Address President Edmund Westmore, Frances Tavern, Broad and Pearl Streets, New York City.

**Rifle Practice.**  
Can you give the address of the National Rifle Association and of the National Board for Promotion of Rifle Practice? READER.  
We regret that we cannot, but you can get them by writing to J. H. Snook, Esq., Columbus, Ohio.

**St. Ann's Church.**  
Where may I find a history of old St. Ann's Church in Brooklyn? MRS E. B.  
Such a history was published in 1883 by E. F. de Selving of Brooklyn. It is long out of print, but your bookseller can doubtless get you a copy.

**John Doe.**  
Is there any reason for the choice of the names John Doe and Richard Roe in the old English law forms? R. L. M.  
None whatever. In the older forms these litigious gentlemen divided the attention of the law with John O'Nonkies and Tom O'Styles and in the English forms of action the familiar intellect of the law writer went little farther. Into the various drama of the entrancing writ the fancy of the legal luminary has delighted to introduce. In the latter times characters who strove by the novelty of their appeal to win for themselves a popular approval which the nature of their employment would naturally deny. In some of the Northern States the favorite over all was James Jackson, and nowhere did the intellect of the law writer favor itself equal to the situation. There is some little borrowing of the rarer English usage of Denn and Goodtitle and Goodright, but the investigator reaches no real reward till he comes to the tropic vegetation of the right Virginian use and misuses Solomon Savel and Simpkinson Spendall and Thomas Holdfast and Richard Throutout in the poetic ingenuity of the old-time Southern lawyers.

**The Bright Side of Life**  
**The Ruling Prejudice.**  
The Buyer—"It looks very well. The lines are rarely beautiful. It's quite classy, in fact."  
The Salesman—"Yes, it's attracting a lot of attention."  
"A very recent importation?"  
"No."  
"Is it your pardon. Am I to understand it is a P. H. S.?"  
"It isn't. It's strictly American."  
"How absurd! I don't see how you have the assurance to make it so prominent. Why, the thing is absolutely impossible. There isn't a bird of this kind in the world. Can't you show me at least one?"  
"Well, we have got one here. It's in Paris! Good morning."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

**Deserved Their Fate.**  
The Vice-roy of China, I had. What have those poor little fish done to be imprisoned upon the day of rest?  
"Tommy—"That—that's what they got for—chasing worms on a Sunday, sir."—John Bull.

**He Believed in Signs.**  
An elderly farmer drove into town one day and hitched his team to a telegraph post. "Here," exclaimed the burly policeman, "you can't hitch there. Can't, eh?"  
"Well, we have got one here. It's in Paris! Good morning."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Current Editorial Comment

**Some Readiness for War**  
We are not so utterly pacific but that we are making some preparations for a remote contingency. An armored airship is said to be building in Akron, Ohio, for our government, and the Cape Cod Canal, just by way of demonstrating the convenience of the inside waterways to the smaller vessels of the navy, and foreign naval battleships, which have nearly as many as the number of our States persons, is barely possible that we are not so utterly helpless as it is the fashion of the professional military men to assume. Considering the character of the coast defenses and the navy, and the very great difficulties and delays that would be involved in an attempt to invade this country by land, it may be that the degree of our preparedness is not badly adjusted to the chances of danger.—Philadelphia Record.

The map of Continental Europe is marked everywhere with the little crossed swords of battles, and the crossed swords of battles is on the map of England of a date later than 1685. And that last fighting on English soil, the fighting at Sedgemoor, where the Duke of Monmouth lost his claim to the throne, was a very little civil war. If misery is alleviated by getting used to it, England would be the most miserable of all countries in times of invasion. For eight and one-half centuries England has not even a foreign army. Since the War of the Roses, it has not known the real devastation of any kind of war. The Civil War of the Cromwell period showed no such devastating conflicts as every country of the European Continent has experienced time and again. For the preservation of monuments and traditions, of uninterrupted life, the whole countryside of England is a Louvain, a Rheims cathedral.—Kansas City Star.

The republic of Switzerland furnishes an example in the way of military preparedness well worth study. It has no standing army, and yet every man is a trained soldier, and can at any time be called upon to defend his country. There has been no violation of Switzerland's neutrality not only because her topography is unfavorable

Business Is Picking Up, by Thunder!

One of the Day's Best Cartoons.



GERMAN CROWDS ENLIVEN BRUSSELS

BRUSSELS, November 4.—Of all the war capitals of Europe, Brussels under the German occupation is probably the gayest and the most deceptive. It certainly outlives Berlin in life and brilliancy, as Berlin outlives London. The Germans are free spenders afield; their influx here by thousands has put large sums of money into circulation, resulting in a spell of artificial, perhaps superficial, prosperity.

The crowds surging all day up and down the principal shopping street, the Rue Neuve, overflow the sidewalks and fill the street. Well-dressed crowds promenade along the circular boulevard all afternoon and into the night. Places of amusement and the cafes are crowded, the hundreds of automobiles loaded with officers speeding about the streets, with musical military horns blowing, add to the gay confusion.

Nowhere save at the great headquarters in France, where the Kaiser stays when not haranguing his troops at the front will you see such a brilliant display of military pomp and every day seems a holiday in Brussels.

You catch the sinister undercurrent in the more obscure little cafes. Here you will find some Belgian patriot who is tired of the German occupation and who will speak with unprintable bitterness of the shame of the Brussels women who, he says, wave handkerchiefs and flutter their eyes at the German soldiers in troop trains passing through the suburbs on their way to the front, or give flowers and cigars to the returning stream of the wounded. They ought to be shot as traitresses, he says. For the honor of the Belgian women, he adds, these form only a small percentage.

But there are no hopeful signs here of a German retreat. Brussels has not been "officially" occupied, and the German military government occupies the principal public buildings, and seem to be working with the Belgians in the city. The government offices have begun to assume an air of permanence.

As conquerors go, the invaders seem to be treating the Belgians well. There is apparently no desire to "rub it in" the military government seemingly pursuing the wise policy of trying to spare the feelings of the natives as much as possible. In the streets, the possible hope of ultimately conciliating them. German flags are flown sparingly. Only small squads of Landwehrmen are occasionally seen marching through the streets. On the bitter Belgians one hears no stories of "insult, shame, or wrong."

At the same time, swift and harsh punishment is meted out to any one whose actions are "disrespectful" to the German military authority or dignity. Thus placards posted on many street corners day before yesterday intimated that a Belgian citizen who had been arrested for "interfering with a German official in the discharge of his duty, assaulting a soldier, and attempting to free a prisoner." For this, also, a fine of 5,000,000 francs (\$1,000,000) was imposed on the city of Brussels. Another policeman was sentenced to three years' imprisonment for all kinds of offenses.

An interesting history of the German occupation can be reconstructed from these same placards pasted on buildings. Here is one dating from the early days of the occupation, when the German military government was still in the process of organizing itself. It is the brusque order to those who stray. Also the park in front of the Royal Palace is closed to the public. Three bright red gasoline tank

wagons among the trees give it an incongruous touch, while the walks and drives are used as an exercising ground for officers' mounts. All the windows of the Royal Palace are decorated with the sign of the Red Cross.

Brussels just lately has humorously a victim of the double standard—immoral, but financial. All kinds of money go here on the basis of 1 mark equaling 1 franc 25 centimes, but shopkeepers still sell prices, and waiters bring bills in francs, and when payment is tendered in marks you generally get change in both—a proceeding that involves elaborate mathematical computations. At the next place you in the restaurant of the Palace Hotel, once a favorite stopping place for Anglo-American travelers, but now virtually an exclusive German officers' club, with the distinction of a double guard posted at the front door, and short, fiercely mustached general of some sort—evidently a person of great importance from the commotion his entrance caused among all the other officers in the room. In his buttonhole he wears the Iron Cross of the second class, the Iron Cross of the first class pinned to his breast, and underneath the ruff of his uniform he wears a sword. His bill amounts to about 7 francs, for he consumed the regular 4-franc table d'hôte, plus a full bottle of red Burgundy. He tenders a blue 100-mark bill in payment and gets in return a baffling heap of change, including 1 and 2-franc Belgian paper notes, 5 and 10-mark German bills, Belgian and German silver, and Belgian nickel coins with holes punched in the centers. The general takes out his pencil and begins elaborate calculations on the menu—then sends for the head waiter, who comes and sits down and much talk to convince him that the bill is "short changed." The double standard furnishes many of these humorous interludes.

Equally exasperating is the double standard of the Belgians. They are official clocks and watches by Berlin time, but have made no attempt to force it on the natives, who continue loyal to Belgian time, which is one hour behind Berlin.

Whitlock's Work for Belgians.  
Brant Whitlock, the American minister to Belgium, who runs a strong risk of having a statue erected to him some day by the grateful Belgian people, is quite the happiest, most relieved of men in Brussels, since he has heard the good news that the committee was organized to give food to the poor here, of which Mr. Whitlock and the Spanish minister were patrons. Three weeks ago the minister of Belgium, and himself, a committee was organized to give food to the poor here, of which Mr. Whitlock and the Spanish minister were patrons. Three weeks ago the minister of Belgium, and himself, a committee was organized to give food to the poor here, of which Mr. Whitlock and the Spanish minister were patrons.

Minister Whitlock also feels vastly relieved that he has got practically all nonofficial Americans out of Belgium, the two or three still being mostly resident business men, with a sprinkling of the boldest tourists, who are staying "to see the fun," in spite of ministerial warnings.

Mr. Whitlock believes he has broken the world's record by being eight months in Belgium. At one time he was representing Germany, Austria, Great Britain, Japan, Serbia, Denmark and Liechtenstein. When he told a German official that he represented Liechtenstein, which is said to be a small sovereign state somewhere, dependent on Austria, the official laughed and said: "Theoretically, Germany is still at war with Liechtenstein and has been since 1866, it having been overlooked in the peace shuffle." The reason for representing Denmark, which isn't at war with anybody, is that the Danish minister is equally accredited to Belgium and the Hague, and had no necessity to leave behind when he departed Hagueward. Of course, the American flag does not fly over the Danish legation here. In addition, the French and Russian interests were also offered Mr. Whitlock, but he was so full of responsibility that he had to ask to be excused.